

"The same motives which you have to eliminate DANGEROUS publications should prompt you to exercise your zeal in the diffusion of SOUND literature."—Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC WEEKLY

Volume I

"TO BE PRACTICAL and TO DO GOOD"—Our Motto

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 10, 1912

PRICE ONE CENT.

Number 28

Jackson Says: "Even Baseball Needs an Umpire"

INSTRUCTION X.

(Continued from last week.)

FATHER S. In our last instruction we referred to the beautiful harmony of belief among Catholics. Now, this is made possible by an infallible authority behind the teaching of the Church. If there be a "Church of the living God" upon earth; if it has been commissioned "to teach the nations," then it must be able to speak with infallible authority. The Church's voice must be God's voice, her teaching must be His teaching, her authority must be His authority; this means that the Church is infallible.

MR. J. That is what "infallible" means?

FATHER S. Yes; but our Protestant friends think it means something else. When we say that the Pope, who speaks for the infallible Church, is "infallible," they surmise that we regard him as a kind of God, who cannot sin, nor make a mistake, but we merely mean that when he speaks for the Church on matters pertaining to what must be believed or done for salvation, he is protected by the Holy Ghost from teaching error.

MR. J. That seems to me to be a self-evident truth. If the spokesman for the Church taught all the members error, God would be sleeping.

FATHER S. That's right. Stop and think and see if you could really believe that the Church of God could teach error in matters that concern what man must believe and do to save his soul. Can you really believe that the Church has been commissioned to teach the nations, and yet that she can err in matters pertaining to faith and morals? Can you conceive of God commanding man to hear the Church, and yet allow him to be taught falsely? Our non-Catholic brethren do not see the necessary connection between an infallible Church and some living voice to speak for her. They would rather believe in an infallible BOOK, not considering that the Bible's infallibility rests on the infallibility of the voice which declared it to be the word of God. And whilst deprecating the infallibility of one representative of Christ in the Church, they go to the extreme of ascribing infallibility to every Bible reader.

MR. J. Yes; as I told you before, a friend of mine contends that the Holy Ghost protects him from misunderstanding the Bible. If this were true, for his own use, he would be infallible. Applied to the Head of the Church, then infallibility is nothing more than freedom from error in its teaching, when, in the name of God, it defines for the people of the whole world what the precise revelation of God has been. Infallibility is not for the Pope, it is nothing that the Church glories in for her own sake; it is for the people.

FATHER S. Exactly. But now I want to prove the infallibility of the Pope from the Bible. Different passages of scripture would prove the infallibility of the twelve Apostles; in fact, no Protestant could attach weight to New Testament teaching and deny infallibility to the Apostles. "Go, teach all nations, and I am with you." "He who hears you hears Me." Yet they were not to go work independently, but were to constitute the teaching body of the primitive Church under the leadership of one who would be spokesman in the Church. Christ addressed Himself to the twelve as a corporate body, but He addressed Himself more emphatically to the one whom He constituted the first visible Head of His Church.

Since Christ was to confer a new office on Peter, He changed his name. His name had been Simon. But now that the Church was to look to him for correctness of teaching, Christ gives him a name which expresses his new position; Christ calls him a "Rock," that is what "Peter" means. In the language Christ spoke, He said:

"Thou art a Rock, and upon this rock I shall build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I shall give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in Heaven." (Matt. XVI, 18, 19). The force of this text is so strong that our enemies try to minimize it by giving it a different interpretation. Whilst there is only one interpretation to "Peter and the Rock," we shall not press (Continued on Page Two.)

Lawrence Socialists Cry: "No God; No Master"

Some few weeks ago we expressed our astonishment that the secular press of the land paid so little heed to the spread of Socialism and made so small protest against the infamous tenets of the Socialistic cult.

We felt that this seeming indifference was not due to any sense of approval of the Socialistic teaching, but rather to a failure to appreciate their true character and a desire to extend even to them the same freedom of expression which is guaranteed to all.

We note just now, however, a distinct movement in the secular press towards the condemnation of Socialism.

Events are happening thick and fast around us that indicate the real aims and objects of organized Socialism. And as the principles and efforts of the sect generally unfold themselves, the American mind is beginning to grasp and realize the true import of Socialism and to visit it with strong words of condemnation.

To Americans Socialism has been a dreamy economic theory nursed by a handful of well-intentioned enthusiasts, but so lacking in the practical as to be almost pitiable. If it were not so energetically supported.

Americans felt that this theory would be gradually subjected to the crucible of public opinion, and if there were any gold, the dross would be rejected and the gold utilized.

But what the American mind did not appreciate was the fact that Socialism aspired to be far more than a mere economic theory. Socialism insisted on being considered a philosophy of life, and a philosophy so complete that it destroyed or excluded the idea of God, the Creator, the supernatural order, religion and the morality and civilization which sprang from these and rested upon them.

The American people are only now beginning to grasp that Socialism is atheistic, anti-Christian, basely immoral and anarchistic. It knows no country; it feels no patriotism; it recognizes no flag but the red flag of revolution; accepts no government or

laws but those which it erects or forges itself.

It has been the policy of the Socialists in the United States to conceal their real animus and their real ambitions. They hoped by deceit to beguile many Americans, honest citizens, but chafing under real or imaginary wrongs, into their organization and gradually to instill into their hearts the poison of their doctrines. They have seized the weapon of industrial discontent to attack the whole scheme of Christian civilization. They have churned a few symptoms into the evidence of ingrained and constitutional injustice.

And now that they have obtained a foothold in the country, now that they have gathered some following, they begin to let their real character and their true purpose appear. They are boldly flaunting their infamous doctrines before the American people.

At their meetings, they bear banners with the inscription, "No God; No Master." It is the catchword of atheism and of treason. They hate God; they hate religion; they hate Christianity; they hate our morality; they hate the family. But they no less hate country and government and law.

They are un-American as they are un-Christian and irreligious. They aim to sweep away the supernatural order and the Christian civilization. "They will extinguish the lights in heaven," as a French Socialist declared, and they will extinguish the fire of patriotism in the hearts of the people.

These are the elements out of which the French Revolution was gathered, and these are the elements which are now plotting and striving for the destruction of our beloved country.

It was a becoming thing, indeed, for the Mayor of Lawrence, Mass., to ask the people of that town to wear a small American flag, torn and rent as the town is by revolutionists marauding under the guise of friends of labor.

It must be either the American flag or the red flag.—The Monitor.

INSOMNIA

I cannot sleep tonight. How rare, Since first these lips could breathe a prayer, Such nights have been! Oh, God be blessed For all the nights of happy rest That He has sent me! May He send My happiest slumber at the end, When life's brief twilight melts away Into His own eternal day! But, Lord, this momentary pity take On Thy poor creatures now awake Through pain of body or of mind, Soothe them to sleep, O Father kind! And woo their lips to patient prayer; Whilst I, beneath Thy loving care, Waking or sleeping, calmly rest, Like babe upon a mother's breast.

—Father Russell, S. J.

Some After Election Reflections

By The Editor.

Now that the Presidential election is over, we shall not be suspected of seeking to influence Catholic voters, if we make a few remarks on the campaign. The Catholic Church by organized bigotry, all the falsehoods which our enemies have manufactured during four centuries, and which have been frequently tabulated in the past, underwent a new edition prior to the national election this year, and were served to the prejudiced.

It is usual for one of the political parties, in order to unite the Protestant vote for its candidate, to represent that the Catholic vote is pledged for "the other fellow." But this year many printing presses were put to work to multiply copies of the wickedest calumnies and the vilest forgeries directed against the Catholic Church.

One of the forgeries which was circulated by hundreds of thousands was "The Knights of Columbus Oath," another was "The Jesuits Oath," still another was a "United States Senate Document, No. 190," entitled "Immorality and Political Grafting of Roman Catholic Priests in the Philippine Islands." These sheets were issued from the Menace office, concerning the forged "Senate Document," the Menace informs its readers: "You cannot get a copy of Senate Document, No. 190 from your representative in Congress, as he will tell you it is exhausted." However, this did not prevent a Mr. York, of Indianapolis from writing Congressman Korbly to ask if he would kindly find out for him what Senate Document, No. 190 treats of. The Congressman replied as follows:

Mr. Chas. A. York, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Mr. York: I received your letter in regard to the Senate Document No. 190, and find upon investigation that Senate Document, No. 190, deals with the subject of "Potash."

Cordially,

C. A. KORBLY.

Copies of the "Knights of Columbus Oath" were supplied to readers of the "Menace" in every town, who in turn sent them swiftly by mail to prominent men, with a written reminder that So-and-So is a K. of C.

Some Protestant men who received them at Huntington, Indiana, carried them to the editor of "Our Sunday Visitor," who disposed of the forgery as follows:

"ST. MARY'S PARISH, HUNTINGTON, WILL GIVE \$5,000 TO ANY PERSON WHO WILL PROVE THAT SUCH AN OATH IS TAKEN BY THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, OR THAT THEY TAKE ANY REAL OATH WHATSOEVER."

"During every political campaign in the past, and particularly this year, appeal is made by one of the political parties to the bigoted among non-Catholics not to vote for 'the other party' because the Catholics of the country are for its candidate."

"Two charges which are especially emphasized, usually take: first, that the Catholic hierarchy and the clergy of the United States constitute a powerful political machine which secretly aims at placing Catholics in office who will work first for the realization of some design that Rome has on the country; and secondly, that the Catholic Church here is most inimical to the public school system which it hopes to destroy, and secure funds for its own schools."

No Catholic Vote. "Now, whilst our non-Catholic friends might not be prepared to admit it, the Catholic Church is least of all denominations united in politics. There is no such thing as a Catholic vote; a priest is not even allowed to request his Catholic parishioners to vote for one political party as against another; never has Rome expressed so much as a wish that Catholics should favor one candidate rather than another; if the Pope, to imagine an impossible case, should make any such request Catholics would ignore it; the allegiance of Catholics to Rome is wholly spiritual and could not possibly conflict with their allegiance to their country."

"As proof that this is true consider that in states where the Catholics constitute one-half the whole voting population, one state will go Republican and the other Democratic; a Protestant will be elected to the office as mayor, as congressman, or senator, when if Catholics were united in vote, and all others voted a different way, the Catholics could be elected to office. New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut are one-half Catholic; Rhode Island is two-thirds Catholic; yet in these states more Protestants are elected to office than Catholics."

"As to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards public schools, she shows her endorsement of everything that is taught therein by teaching the very same branches herself. She claps her hands in approval of the public school system as far as it goes, and builds her own schools only because she wants the child taught of God and of its duties to God, which she can not get in the public schools. It is laughable to think that she has any designs on the public schools."

"And she is not seeking, as such, a division of the school funds; in fact, there are many of the Catholic Bishops of our country who positively would not want state help for the parochial schools. What is frequently mentioned is this: that according to the principle on which our forefathers fought for independence, 'taxation without representation is tyranny' she would in justice be entitled to have for her schools what she pays in taxes for her school children. But this is a different matter from applying for this help. The Catholics of the United States save the taxpayers of the country \$36,000,000 a year by building and maintaining their

own schools; in other words they pay twice for the education of their children; they pay as much as anybody else toward the public schools, which they do not use, and pay a second time for such education in their own schools."

"During a political campaign bigotry often organizes itself, as in years past under the title of 'American Protective Association,' and this year under the high sounding title of 'Guardians of Liberty,' then papers like the 'Menace' and the 'American Citizen' espouse the cause of this secret-working organization; denominational papers (we hope unwittingly) frequently quote from these, and hence a wide influence is exerted by the anti-Catholic campaigners. We are too charitable to believe that any of our Huntington people are subscribers to 'The Menace' which from the beginning of its existence has been given to the wickedest forgery to blacken the Catholic name."

"The Menace has written of evils in institutions which do not exist, attributed to persons who do not exist, it delights in presenting manufactured stories of 'escaped nuns' or of girls being detained against their will in convents, etc. No single instance recorded is true. No nun ever escaped; she would not even be kept in a convent if she manifested a desire to leave. Every instance that the papers record of 'escape from convent' upon investigation will be found to refer to an escape of a wayward girl who was in some reformatory conducted by the sisters. While she was there against her consent, she was placed there by her parents or by the civil authorities."

"We are sorry that at this late day there are people who still believe that any but the most virtuous girls enter a convent of their own choice, and professedly take vows to remain virtuous through life."

"I do not believe that in our city any of the ministers foster such bigotry; on the contrary, as far as I know them, they are fair-minded and liberal men."

"In the name of the 250 Knights of Columbus in our city, and in justice to all of our citizens, who might be led to suspect their organization, which is obligated by its very constitution to keep out of politics, I have felt it necessary to make this statement."

Respectfully,

"J. P. NOLL."

Referring to the editor of The Menace, Mr. Windle, of the Iconoclast, and a Protestant, has this to say:

"Rev. Teddy C. Walker, of Aurora, Mo., edits a dirty little rag which he calls 'The Menace.' The sheet is all that its name implies. It is a menace to decency—a menace to peace and order—a menace to tolerance—a menace to true Americanism—a menace to the spirit of fraternity. It breeds bitterness and strife between neighbor and converts life long friends into (Continued on Page Two.)"

The Maligned Jesuits Praised by Protestants Who Know Them

(From Father Noll's Book, entitled "For Our Non-Catholic Friends.")

CHAPTER III.

PROTESTANT WITNESSES IN FAVOR OF JESUITS.

The Jesuits are not monks, but a society of priests who, whilst binding themselves by the same vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, follow a rule which leads them to more active work. Of all religions they have been most persecuted, calumniated and misrepresented. Their very name has been a by-word, but against the second-class authors, and the cheap novelists, who accept and propagate the enemy's contentions without investigation, we herewith quote a few of our able English historians "on the Jesuits."

LORD MACAULEY.

(Essay on Van Ranke's History of the Popes.)

"In the order of Jesus was concentrated the Catholic spirit, and the history of the order of Jesus is the history of the great Catholic reaction (against the Reformation). That order at once possessed itself of all the strongholds which command the public mind, the pulpit, the press, the confessional and the academies. Wherever the Jesuit preached the church was too small for the audience, the name of a Jesuit on the title page secured the circulation of a book. It was in the ear of the Jesuit that the powerful, the noble and the beautiful breathed the secret history of their lives. It was at the feet of the Jesuit that the youth of the higher and middle classes were brought up from childhood to manhood, and from the first rudiments to the courses of rhetoric and philosophy. Science and literature lately associated with heresy, or infidelity, now became the allies of orthodoxy."

Invaded Every Country.

"Dominant in the south of Europe, the great order went forth conquering and to conquer. In spite of oceans and deserts, of hunger and pestilence, of apes and penal laws, of dungeons

and racks, of gibbets and quarantines, the Jesuit was found under every disguise and in every country; scholars, physicians, merchants, serving men; in the hostile court of Sweden, in the old manor house of Cheshire, in the hovels of Canaught, arguing, instructing, counselling, captivating the hearts of the young, holding up the crucifix before the eyes of the dying."

"The old world proved too small for this marvellous activity. The Jesuits invaded every country which the great maritime discoveries of the preceding age had opened up to European enterprise. They were found in the depths of the Peruvian mines, at the marts of the African slave caravans, on the shores of the Moluccas, in the observatories of China. They made converts in countries which neither avarice nor curiosity had tempted any of their countrymen to enter. They converted and disputed in tongues of which no other native of the west understood a word."

PRESCOTT.

"The character of this order and their fortunes form one of the most remarkable objects for contemplating to be met with in human history. Springing up, as it were, to groy the crumbling edifice of Catholicism, when it was reeling under the first shocks of the Reformation, it took up its residence indifferently within the precincts of palaces or on the boundless plains and forests of the wilderness. It held the consciousness of civilised monarchs in its keeping, and directed their councils, while at the same time it was gathering barbarian nations beneath its banner and pouring the light of Christian civilisation into the remotest and darkest corners of the globe."

BANCROFT.

"The establishment of the Society of Jesus, by Ignatius of Loyola, was contemporary with the early progress of the Reformation. It reached its (Continued on Page Two.)"

Is South America Far Behind North America?

(By Dr. E. E. Brandon, Representative of Pan-American Union.)

"It is strange but nevertheless true that but little has ever been published in this country regarding higher education in South America. As illustrating the lack of knowledge on this subject among many people, I will tell you of an incident. When I started out on my mission an apparently well informed lady asked me where I was going. I told her I had a year's leave of absence and I was going to South America to study the universities there. She said, 'Have they got any universities there?'"

He reports that many of the countries in South America have a modern system of education as we have. During the year he was absent he sent, every month, a report of his travels to Washington and they have been printed in the Pan-American bulletin in eight installments. He covered Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil and Costa Rica. Here are a few facts from his statements:

"In Argentina they have more than seven thousand students in their four universities. At Buenos Aires alone they have five thousand students, which is almost as many as on the rolls of any university in the United States. Chile has about two thousand students in the State University, with several hundred more in the Catholic university. Peru has nearly one thousand in the university at Lima, including the three provincial universities. Even a little country like Uruguay has seven thousand students."

"In Brazil there are about eight thousand persons studying law, medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, and engineering, but a peculiar fact in connection with this country is that it is the only one that does not maintain a university in the whole of South America. The schools were never organized in university form. They have schools of law, schools of medicine, schools of engineering and many other kinds of schools, but, strange to say, they have no university that comprises all of these different schools in one organization."

"Another striking fact about Latin America is the great amount of money the various countries are putting into higher education of late years. Many of them are putting up fine buildings, increasing the salaries of the teaching staff, and doing many other things to help along the educational propaganda. Uruguay in the

last three or four years has spent more than two million dollars in buildings for schools. At La Plata, Argentina, the university plant, building, grounds and laboratory cost something like ten million dollars."

In regard to their methods, there is this peculiarity, the majority of professors are men who practice their professions at the same time that they teach. These men teach three or four hours a week, but they come right from the actual practice of their profession to do this. While this system has its disadvantages, it also has this one great advantage. They are all men of considerable learning and high reputation and the best doctors and lawyers and even high State officials all willingly accept professorships in the colleges. Dr. Brandon says that: "Almost all South American university professors are found to be men of the highest social standing and this lends a certain dignity to the institutions which is sometimes lacking in the United States." He also adds that "there is no question but that in proportion to the time given to teaching professors are better paid in South America than in this country." Another marked feature is that there is no rapid transit, quick result way of getting a diploma—but the time necessary to obtain such a document is greater than in our country. In law it takes about five years to get a degree; in medicine six and seven years; in pharmacy three and four years. The law school is not simply a school of law, but it is a school of jurisprudence and comprises courses of international law, political science, etc. The medical course includes much of real practice such as doctors obtain as internes in hospitals after graduation.

All of his statements made splendid reading as an answer to the oft-spoken and oft-repeated charges of ignorance, etc. Some of these institutions antedate any in the United States. Back to 1551 dates the one at Lima, while the one at Cordoba, Argentina, was founded in 1613 by the Jesuits. These are older than our boasted Harvard given the chief points of this exceedingly interesting report and will serve as a good answer when South America is spoken of as being ignorant and behind the age of all of which is of course laid at the doors of the Catholic Church. How difficult it is sometimes to stay the bigot's pen and to still his chattering voice.

Children's School and Playground

Find the Answers for Next Week's Sunday School

What is the feast of All Saints kept for?
What is a saint?
May any one become a saint?
How should we honor the saints?
Do Catholics worship them?
What is the difference between the honor we pay to the saints and that which we give to God?
Who is the greatest saint?
What is meant by the "Communion of Saints"?
What is a martyr?

THE BUZZARD.

"And these are they which ye shall have in abomination among the fowls . . . the cuckoo and the hawk after his kind."—Leviticus chapter xi, verses 18 and 16.

The Buzzard belongs to the great hawk family, known as the *Falconidae*, among which are included the various hawks, eagles and falcons. It is generally about twenty-one inches in length and about four feet between the tips of the extended wings. Its plumage is more dusky than that of the general hawk tribe, and resembles the owl's in this respect. This is a kind provision of nature to lessen the noise of the bird's passage through the air, when in pursuit of its prey; for, as it usually flies low, the animals on which it lives would otherwise take the alarm and escape. The upper part of the Buzzard's body is of a rich brown color, the head and neck being somewhat lighter than the rest; dark stripes run down the back, and light bars cross the tail; the under parts of the body are of a greyish white, with brown spots and stripes; the claws and bill are black and the legs yellow. This bird builds its nest either on a rock or in a tree, being guided in its choice by the nature of the locality. It not un-

frequently takes possession of a crow's nest, making the alterations which seem desirable. The nest is composed of twigs and heather, and is lined with grass, leaves and wool. The Buzzard produces three or four eggs at one time and is a most affectionate parent, occupying itself with the care of its young for a longer time than is usual with most birds of its kind. When tamed it has been known to hatch the eggs of other birds.

The Buzzard feeds on mice, rats and small birds and reptiles. It is very sluggish and lazy in its habits. When in pursuit of food, as has been stated, it flies near the ground, and at no great speed, and when it decries a victim, it swoops suddenly down upon it and carries off the prey before the latter has taken the alarm. Sometimes the Buzzard perches on a tree and waits for a victim to come within reach. When satiated it retires to a secluded spot, and there reposes until appetite returns.

The Buzzard is a moderately common bird in almost all parts of Europe. In common with all birds of its kind, it was declared unclean among the Jews.

THE CORRECT NAME.

"Yes," says Swaggar, "this is a turkeze ring."
"Excuse me," said Beggs, "the correct pronunciation of that word is 'turkwoise'."

"No, 'turkeze,' excuse me."
"I say 'turkwoise.'"
"Well, let's go a jeweler and ask him."

"Right."
"In order to settle a wager," said Swaggar to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is 'turkeze' or 'turkwoise'?"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully.
"The correct pronunciation," he said, "is 'glass.'"

LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

In olden times there was a man named Offerus, of such immense size and strength that men looked upon him almost as a giant; but they loved him greatly for his kindness and good nature. Offerus determined to employ himself in serving others, and while still very young he set forth on a journey to find the most mighty prince the world contained. He was directed to the court of a powerful king, who rejoiced in possessing a servant of such enormous size and strength; and Offerus was well content until one day he saw his royal master, at the mention of the name of the devil, make the sign of the cross in evident alarm.

"What is that for?" asked Offerus.
"Because I fear the devil," replied the king.

"Then, if you fear him, he is more powerful than you, and I will serve you no more," said Offerus. "I have resolved to give my strength to him who is mightiest; so I must take the devil for my master," and with that he left the court.

After having traveled far, Offerus came upon a large company of horsemen, whose chief was black and who spoke to him, asking him what he sought.

"Oh, I am seeking the devil, I wish to serve him."

"I am he. If you wish to be one of my servants, I will receive you. Follow me." And thus Offerus was enrolled amongst the servants of Satan.

It happened in one of their journeys the troops came to a large cross standing at the corner of the road. The devil ordered them to retreat.

"What is that for?" said Offerus.

"Because I fear the image of Christ."

"Then you are not so mighty as He; so I will serve this Christ."

And Offerus passed alone before the cross and continued his journey.

After a while he met a holy hermit of whom he inquired where he should find Christ.

"Everywhere," was the answer. "I don't understand that," said Offerus; "but if such is the truth, can a strong man like myself be of any use to him?"

"You can serve him by prayer, by fasting, by vigils, my son," replied the holy man. A shadow passed across the face of Offerus.

"Is there no other way in which to please him?" he asked.
The hermit took him to the edge of a torrent which came down from the mountains, and said:

"The poor pilgrims who wish to cross the stream get wet, and sometimes are almost borne away by its force. Stay here and bear across all those who come to the bank; and if you do this simple service for the love of Christ, He will one day acknowledge you among His followers."

The plan pleased Offerus, and he built a little cabin, in which he dwelt by the water's edge, and by day and by night he carried across the torrent any pilgrim who asked his help.

One night when he was sleeping Offerus heard a childish voice calling him by his name, three times. It was a dark night and the stream was very strong; but the great powerful man had no fear, and, taking the little child who had called to him upon his shoulders, he stepped into the water.

When he reached the middle of the stream, the torrent was unusually strong and as he struggled through it with a difficulty he had never felt before, it seemed as if the child he carried became as heavy as a leaden weight. The thunder rolled overhead, lightning gleamed upon the water, and Offerus felt as if his burden increased every moment.

"How is it, little child, that you

appear so heavy?" said he at last. "It seems as if I am carrying the world itself."

"Not only the world, but He Who made it," said the little silvery voice. "I am Christ, thy Maker, thy God, thy Master. In return for the service thou hast offered Me, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and I name thee Christopher, the bearer of Christ."

They gained the shore, and a sweetness filled the soul of the newly-made Christian. He fell prostrate in adoration before the Divine Child, who thus addressed him:

"Rise, Christopher, and fix thy staff in the earth. Tomorrow it shall bloom white and fragrant roses, as a token that God has been thy burden this night, and then the Holy Child disappeared amid a bright and glowing flame.

The sun's earliest rays fell upon Christopher, still kneeling in silent adoration as he had knelt before his Lord and Master, and by his side was the staff, which had been dry and withered, now covered with fragrant roses, such as bloom in Eden.—*From Golden Legends.*

AMBITIOUS SOPHY.

Miss Sophy, one fine sunny day, left her work and ran away. When she reached the garden-gate she found it locked, but would not wait;

So tried to climb and scramble o'er a gate as high as any door. But little girls should never climb, And Sophy won't another time; For when upon the highest rail, Her frock was caught upon a nail; She lost her hold, and, sad to tell, Was hurt and bruised—for down she fell.

SUPERIOR.

Little Nelly told little Anita what she termed a "little fib."

Anita—"A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly—"No, it's not."
Anita—"Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly—"I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man and he knows more about lying than your father does."

Do unto another.

"As you would wish them to do to you;
Then you know God will bless you As He has promised to do."

Be ready to help those about you Who are in any kind of need, Then the angels will not go without you, So follow as they lead.

Be kind to the unfortunate people That are numerous about the land, And comfort the sick and feeble That need a helping hand.

The gates are open to those who serve Him.

As they were to the saints long gone, And the Savior will be with those who deserve Him, When they are pressing on.

Then children love each other, No matter where you trod, For love for one another Is love for Almighty God.

—Kathryn McLaughlin.
19 Conover Terrace, Orange, N. J.

THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

The Resurrection is typified among the plants by the Rose of Jericho. This is a cruciform plant which grows in the arid wastes of Palestine and Arabia. It possesses the curious property of recovering its original form, however dry it may be, upon immersion in water. From this cir-

cumstance the Rose of Jericho has been taken to signify our Savior's Resurrection.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor-Visitor:
"Rev. Father—Enclosed are a few bright remarks which I overheard a young boy, aged eleven, pupil of St. Monica's school, make. I thought perhaps you would consider them clever enough to publish in the Sunday Visitor."

The boy's father is a non-Catholic. The boy is a bright little fellow and is constantly talking about when he becomes a priest or missionary.

"Papa," he said, "when I am a man I will go down to your home in North Carolina and give a mission some day. And your friends will all come to hear me preach. They will say: 'Let's hear Tom P.'s boy talk.'"

Father: "That will be a place to go, son; there are a Catholics around Anlander."

Son: "Well, papa, you won't be able to say that when I leave. This same boy sat back listening to the conversation of seven grown people. The one, a tall, hen-pecked man, a fallen-away Catholic, said:

"I don't believe in the parochial school. I used to spend half of my time writing. I missed mass 500 when I should have been studying my lessons."

"Well," smiled the small boy, "perhaps if you had gone to mass those Sundays that you refer to you would have better luck. I would not be cowed down now a little skinny woman."

Yours truly,
A READER.

"Ma, do cows and bees go to heaven?"

"Mercy, child, what a question. Why?"

"Cause if they don't, the milk and honey the preacher said, up there must be all canned stuff."—*Boston Transcript.*

Miscellaneous

Some World News Boiled Down.

The next International Eucharistic Congress will take place on the Island of Malta next April. This brings the last and next Congress close together, but it was desired to have the Congress convene near Rome, and at the same time to hold it during nice weather.

Father Hanna, of Rochester seminary, has been appointed Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco, California.

Holy Name men and boys to the number of 20,000, marched in procession at Cincinnati, last Sunday.

The bishop of Erie, Pennsylvania, celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee lately.

Cardinal Merry del Val has added his pronouncement to the many strong ones we have read during the last year on the necessity of supporting the Catholic Press.

The son of the aged former President of Mexico, General Felix Diaz, has started a revolt with a view to win his way to the Presidency.

In Ontario the French are being discriminated against by an order to have the teaching of their language discontinued in the schools. Hitherto both English and French were taught because most of the people are French.

All luxury corrupts either conduct or taste.—*Joubert.*

ICEBERGS.

No two icebergs appear to be exactly alike in size and shape. Some look for all the world like Arabs' tents as they glide along, and others like cliffs, castles, cathedrals, yachts and occasionally they resemble some well-known animal.

Some of the pinnacles of a large berg rise nearly 1,000 feet above the water, while the base may occupy an area of ten or twelve acres. Seen through a powerful glass, one may detect waterfalls upon these islands of ice and all kinds of Arctic birds, and perhaps a few seals.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

He hastens to work
A hasty toilet, a snatch of food,
He hastens to work with "good-byes" most rude.
He forgets to pat each baby head
Or caress his wife in his quest for bread.

The home is furnished, food supplied,
And each day his burdens seem multiplied.
The he lays aside for a rainy day
A sum for support when his head is gray.

To the wolf he gives a look of scorn,
Then seeks for the love of his wedding morn.
Her hair once golden, has turned to gray:
In the eyes he loved—there is no love's ray.

And what is this in his heart he feels,
As despair and loneliness over him steals?

What in this life have I left undone?
I toiled till late and was up with the sun.

The old man murmured with bowed-down head:
"A selfish life I have certainly led,
I've spared the beggar, pennies, 'tis true,
But what joys, dear, have I shared with you?"

Then calling his children to his side,
He sadly whispered before he died:

There is work to be done in this great world of ours
And the pleasure to be had in leisure hours.

So work while you work, and when you play,
Trust the Shepherd to keep the wolf away.

And scatter your joy with generous hand,
Do good with what is at your command.

"The Savior Who gave His life for you
By the wolf is obstructed from your view.
For man forgets that he has a soul
Whose castle, his body, is growing old."

"The castle crumbles and falls away,
His soul stands naked in the light of day.
Bereft of the graces God has given
It appears worthless before all Heaven."

The rose is nourished by sun and rain,
The soul is by prayer and good deeds sustained.
And within the heart of the little rose
To the soul of the artist, Christ, enclosed.

The Artist created a soul most fair,
The prodigal had returned—
"Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the old man, looking the youth over carefully.
"No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."

But the man gave it so little care:
It did not die, but it did not thrive.
Nor did it heavenly joys derive.

Like a stranger in a foreign land
It sees, but cannot understand.
Not the wolf, but many a pearl-crowned brow
Obstructs its view of Jesus now.

FROM A MOTHER OF FIVE.

As the mother of five daughters who are happily married to honest and industrious mechanics, I believe that I am capable of offering a suggestion or two about rearing of daughters. When my oldest girl was 14 my husband was killed in an accident and I was suddenly deprived of an income. My daughters were obliged to seek work as fast as they were old enough to do so. I mention this to prove that I am acquainted with the temptations of working girls. There were two facts I taught them from childhood, as my mother had taught me:

1. Whenever any man asks a girl to do anything which he at the same time asks her to keep from her mother's knowledge that thing is wrong, no matter how innocent it may seem.

2. When a man begins to criticize his wife to a young woman and to seek her sympathy in his domestic affairs that girl is in peril. She had better leave her employer or cut his society at once. It spells ruin for her otherwise.

There was one thing I always insisted upon, that no girl of mine should work where no other women were employed. In numbers there is comparative safety.

The prodigal had returned—
"Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the old man, looking the youth over carefully.
"No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."

YOUR NERVES.

Almost every little or great ailment throughout your system affects your nerves. Your eyes and liver and lungs and stomach and heart and many other things throughout your system all "take it out" on the poor nerves if they happen to be a bit out of order themselves.

Recent discoveries show that 90 per cent of nervous troubles are due to other disorders. Eye-strain is one cause. Not only those who have to use their eyes constantly, like students and lapidaries and miniature artists and engravers, but city folks who live and work where their vision is restricted are all sufferers from nervous troubles, more or less.

The eye wants to get exercise as well as the muscles. Living in narrow streets and gazing out across little alleys against brick walls, rushing into narrow cars and hurrying into small rooms all keep the vision down to narrow limits, and pretty soon eye-strain sets in, and this brings on nervous trouble.

And one of the peculiarities of this is that many people will not notice that they have eye-strain because the nervous disorder that results will be so much worse than the cause. Eye-strain is much less common in the country.

Working in the stooped position, curving the spine, brings pressure on the tiny blood vessels and this in turn acts on the nerves. "I get so nervous sitting still," one will say. As a matter of fact the continual pressure on the spine reacts on the nerves. As sedentary occupations are more common in the cities there is more nervousness from this cause in cities.

Liver troubles bring on quick nervous disorders, city noises in time affect the ears and the nerves are again in for a siege of trouble. Not even at night or during sleep is there complete quiet in the city.

Women become irritable because of excessive blood pressure, and again it is their nerves that suffer—also every one else about them is apt to suffer.—*New York American.*

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtue behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun ablinding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.

Don't waste one sigh on the universe.
Remember it lived before you.
Don't strike at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.

To him who hath shall be given,
Especially if he is looking for trouble.

Remember that charity thinks no evil, much less repeats. There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never believe anything unless you positively know it true; never tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.—*Henry T. Dyke.*

THE SLATE-PICKER SOPRANO.
(Continued from Page Three)

the post. "But go to the town and bring your chum some cake Jack. Here's a dime."

"I won't leave my chum alone with you. Maybe when I'd come back, he wouldn't be here," responded Jack, looking squarely in the face.

The man's eyes narrowed, and through the slits where his eyes had been, little rays of green light flashed. Jamie thought of the old tomcat at home. He said that the post would strike Jack.

"Jack and me will go and get what you want," he said.

"But you won't come back," replied the man.

"Yes, we—" began Jamie, but Jack interrupted:

"No, you're right, Warren. We'll stay home, we won't come back. Nor we won't take your ten cents."

Jamie and me are going to stay out on our own hook at once, and leave you to paddle your own canoe. You kin get along without us, and we'll try to get along without you."

The man advanced towards the daring boy, but Jack picked up a large stone. The man halted, and Jack continued:

"I don't like the cut of your face, Mister. If the old boy was to come to earth, I believe he'd look a bit like you, only maybe a little uglier as Warren Whistler. Come, Jamie."

The boys hurried out of the field and onto the railroad. They had gone but a short distance when the man was after them.
(To be continued.)

After Dinner Story

THE SLATE-PICKER SOPRANO

(Continued from Last Week.)

CHAPTER X.

REGGING AND BUMMING AND TIE-WALKING.

"We've got to leg it, Jamie. We beat the farmer's dog, so surely we kin walk ahead of Mr. Warren Whister Homes, the great poet, with thousands of books selling." Jamie joined in Jack's laugh, as they sped along. In a short time, they had left the corpulent poet spluttering and fuming far behind them. After they had climbed a dusty hill to its summit, and were looking down at Port Clinton, Jack said with his old spirit of frivolity:

"Crickety, ain't this great, Jamie? sich adventures?"

"Fine it is," replied Jamie, homesickness gone for the time being, "but it would be finer if meals were chucked in into the bargain. I feel as hungry as a bear and weak as a cat."

"You ain't cut out for a bum, maybe," said Jack.

"Maybe I am," retorted Jamie. "Well, watch this here professional bum get you something to eat."

"All right," laughed Jamie. "If you attend to the begging, I won't be behind-handed with the eating."

But Jack was not quite so successful as he hoped to be. At the first farmer's gate was a large dog that refused his admittance. The wife of the next farmer said that she had children enough of her own to keep without keeping other people's children. The wife of the third farmer told him that such a big boy should go to work, and should be ashamed to beg. He returned much dejected to Jamie.

"I'm a failure today," he admitted. "Would you mind trying your hand?"

"No," answered Jamie, willing enough, "I'll give the job a trial."

"Look out for the women with small ears, and keep out of their reach; they're awful stingy," shouted Jack after him.

Jamie was more successful. Perhaps his innocent, boyish face softened the first woman's heart. She gave him two slices of bread with a pork chop between them. Meat again, and it was Friday! With a good-sized package in his hand, he returned to Jack.

"Whem! Jamie, you're a perfect bum. Where did you get all that? Butter and bread and pie and cake! No meat, thank goodness! Here, set yourself down, and as we stuff, tell us about your experience."

"Well, the first place I struck brought me these two slices of bread and a pork chop. A thought came to me. There was a house across the way with a big dog in the yard—I guess the house where the dog wouldn't let you in. He was such a beast of a sinner that meat couldn't infect him, so I bought me way in by throwing him the chop. The woman had lugs on herself bigger than an elephant's, and I had myself swelled with high hopes. But she give me nothing. The next woman—her ears were small—gave me this hand-out of pie and cake. So you see your rules about ears don't hold."

After their meal the boys, much refreshed, continued their journey along the dusty yellow road.

By W. W. WHALEN,
(Author of "Di-Starred Balboa.")

Mountains and farms, mountains and farms, would never a railroad greet the eyes of the tired wanderers! The scenery was beautiful, but the sight of an old black railroad would have been far more welcome. Trees, many of them still bearing much fruit upon their branches, while heaps of pippins lay at their feet; fields still wearing the green of summer, with here and there golden patches; fences rustic and white washed; snug little cottages; brooks clear as crystal; white squadrons of geese, cattle of every description—but a railroad was an unknown quantity.

The day doffed the bright garb of afternoon, and donned the more sombre robe of evening. Jamie thought his feet could not have ached more had they been run into a hot furnace. The boys were dusty from head to foot; yellow dust in their hair and ears. Night came, and the moon, smiling down with pity on the runaways.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack. "A railroad at last, even in this God-forsaken place. We could expect no better luck where them that live in it eat meat on Fridays. Shake the dust of it from your heels."

Jamie's reply was a groan of weariness. He sat down on the railroad.

"If I were to die here," he said, bitterly, "I can't move one step farther. I bet you, I'll get home again as fast as I kin."

"You're blue now," answered Jack, "and that is why you say sich things. Tomorrow you'll have no notion of going home. But get up, you lazy bulk, and tramp off till we come to a decent town, not stay out here in this wild country, where even old Nick himself wouldn't come."

"Well, if I drop dead with tiredness, you kin blame yourself, Mr. Jack. I have a pain in every bone, and there's a frog in my throat, and plenty enough of weeps in me blinkers."

"Lean on me a bit," was Jack's kind reply, "and you won't mind it quite so bad. I have to goad you on a bit, for you can't sleep here all night with the damps falling."

On they trudged over the ties. Oh, what weary work! Far off an owl hooted, and a fierce watch dog bayed at the moon. Not a soul could be seen. It was late when they descried the glitter of lights away in the distance.

"Thanks be to God! A town at last!" breathed Jack.

On, on again they walked languidly.

"There's a bridge!" exclaimed Jamie. "It's the Locust Summit bridge! Jack, kin you believe it? We're not five miles from home!"

Jack's eyes pierced through the gloom, and he looked quickly at Jamie's eager face. No disappointment there yet. Then there was a sad little cry, a cry that echoed along the railroad and among the timbers of the old bridge, a cry that started the birds sleeping in their nests.

"Oh, it ain't the Locust Summit bridge at all; it ain't, it ain't. I never seen that bridge before."

"Well, never mind, chummy," said Jack, soothingly. "It's a

bridge anyhow, and we're mighty close to a town. We'll get somewhere to sleep. That's a consolation."

They neared a station. Jack read aloud "Schuykill Haven."

"Come, crawl under the depot platform," said Jack. "We'll roost here for the night."

"For the morning, I guess," answered tired Jamie. "I think the night is a thing of the past."

They got under the station and laid their heads on the hard ground. In a brief time Jamie was sound asleep. Jack bent over him.

"I wish I hadn't a-tuk him away," he said, stroking Jamie's glossy hair, "and I wish to the good Lord I'd a stayed home myself."

How long they slept Jack did not know, but he was the first to awake. The morning light had banished sleep from his eyes, and he shook Jamie gently.

"Come, sleepy boots, we want to git from under this here depot before any one sees us. How do you feel? Rested?"

"Yep," replied Jamie, yawning. He was in much better spirits.

They walked along the railroad. "We'll keep on," said Jack. "I'll take us some place. Thanks be to the heavens, every step is taking us farther away from that dashed farming country and that blasted Port Clinton. Do you know, last night I wish I hadn't gone on the bum, but me mind is changed this morning."

Jack's spirits had risen; the morning air and sun had a bracing effect on both boys.

"I felt the same way," confessed Jamie, "but I won't go now." Alas, for Jamie's good resolutions! They were fading away like the mist before the morning sun. The boys passed by working men in twos and threes, going to their labor, but Jack did not ask them where the railroad led. They reached a high trestle bridge and began to cross it. They had come to the middle of it and Jamie was looking through the ties down in to the street far below.

"God save us, here comes a pusher!" cried Jack. "We'll be killed with a train yet."

As Jamie's startled eyes gazed on the engine coming towards them, all his good resolutions of the night before returned. What if he should die now? Go before God in such a state! A shudder crept through his very bones. One prayer for pardon, a prayer swift as the lightning's flash.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF THE RUNAWAYS.

"We'll have to hang down through the sills," said Jack. "There's no time to be lost. But heigh! there, the pusher is going back again! We're safe. Come, shake a leg and get off this crazy trestle, or we may be pitched head-first down to the road below."

"Laws, We're at Pottsville," ejaculated Jamie, standing in the street and staring. "One thing is sure, I go home as soon as—Ho! here comes an empty freight train. Bounce on!"

They got into an empty coal car, and Jamie commenced talking.

"Home I sails as soon as I kin. On the bum is not what it's cracked up to be. What if I got killed! And killed I'll be, for the good Lord has, we kin plenty of warn-

ings!" The train was moving along like mad, screeching and spewing forth a stream of foul smoke that blinded the eyes, and turned brain and stomach sick. The boys were slung about in the car, which they thought every moment would leave the track.

"We're done for, sure," said Jack, with an earnest look on his face. In a moment the car and boys were swallowed up in the darkness, as if a frightful demon had opened its gigantic jaws, and de-

voured them. Then they were in the light again.

"A tunnel," explained Jack. "That's jist how it is to die. Darkness for a second, then in the brightness of God's Judgment; then—"

said Jamie, so solemnly that Jack could not help laughing. "For the Lord's sake, don't begin to preach on death and things now, Jamie, for the cold chills are crawling down me back."

Up along the side of a mountain wound the mad train, reached the summit, plunging down into the valley again, took its fiery way through cool woods, rattled down a steep grade, but never for a moment slackened its speed in the least.

"Audenried!" read Jack, as the train whizzed by a station.

At last the wheels circled round less quickly, the brakes were put on, and the train came to a halt. The boys were not slow in climbing out of the car.

"I guess we're farther away from home than ever," sighed Jamie, looking up at the sky, marbled with floating clouds. "But I'll get home, and quit adding to me sins, if it costs me a week of me life."

A brakeman came to the boys, and regarded them with a sharp but kindly eye.

"Where are we at?" asked Jack. "Hazleton. Where have you boys come from?"

"From Schuykill Haven," was Jack's prompt response. "We were visiting our grandmother there."

"But where do you live? I think you boys have traveled around a good deal; you look it."

"We live at Mt. Carmel," answered Jamie, for he wanted to get home, and he feared that Jack might not tell the truth, "and we'd like to get back there."

"Well, if you do,—and I believe you,—follow this road back to Delano. Get off there. The Lehigh Valley trains come to Delano; they will take you back to your home. By the way, are you hungry?"

"Hungry! We're famished," replied Jack.

The brakeman hurried to the caboose and brought out his dinner can.

"Now let me see you empty it," the boys proved themselves obedient. Sandwiches and apples and raisin pie and custard were dispatched. A crowd of trainmen stood around enjoying the spectacle and cheering the lads.

"This train will soon return loaded," said the friendly brakeman, as he prepared to go. "You may get on it and jump off at Delano. I shall watch for you."

The boys thanked him, and promised to wait for the train.

"Ain't it grand to be alive!" said Jack to Jamie when they were alone. Jamie, I ain't pious at all, but coming in that freight I said an act of contrition, and made good resolves."

"I made ten or eleven acts of contrition, Jack, and resolutions by the peck. But me resolutions are like pie-crust; they don't last long."

"Jamie don't think I am getting holy now, and am going to turn over and become a priest, but I'm going to be better and stay home forever with me hard old dad, even if he does be nasty to me. Oh, when I think of it!"

He wiped his eyes with his knuckle.

"If mam hadn't a died when she did, I'd be better, I am sure."

"Why, it's a wonder I ever got through for first Communion. Pap may be all right in some ways, but he's mighty wrong in a good many others. He's too fond of the cup; his church is the saloon, and his God, beer and whiskey. He hasn't been in a church since mam's funeral, and you know that was long ago."

Jack and Jamie mounted the first coal car that came on the returning freight. The brakeman was true to his word, and waved his hand to them from the top of a box car. His duties kept him from the boys.

Jack went on talking in a pious strain; so much so that Jamie wondered; his friend was not much given to religious discussions.

"I don't know what makes me feel this way, but somehow God

comes right into my thoughts, and every word that old Father O'Neil told me at instructions rings in me ears jist as when I heard him. Heaven must be a grand place, Jamie, mustn't it? Think of the Blessed Virgin for a mother! But I guess the only way we'll git to heaven—is through Purgatory. Gosh, if we was even sure of Purgatory, it'd be worth while working for it."

On flew the train along the mountain sides, down into the valleys. The air fanned lovingly the two tanned faces of the little rovers.

"Here we're coming to Delano at last," said Jack, standing on the coal in the car, and stretching himself to his full height. "Get ready to bounce off, Jamie."

"I have been getting ready for the last ten minutes," confessed Jamie.

The train suddenly jolted. Jack was standing on the edge of the car. He lost his balance, staggered, fell—fell between the cars, down to the shining rails, under the cruel wheels; Jamie, with a scream of horror, leaped from the top of the car and narrowly escaped striking a switch. His head hit against a large cinder, and he was almost stunned, but Jack's piercing cries revived him.

Oh, the poor, crushed, bleeding body! Jamie knelt beside him, and lifting the hot head in his arms, laid it against his bosom. His tears rained on Jack's face.

"Don't cry after me, Jamie, but say prayers. God knows I need them. Leave me here and try to get a priest."

The station agent ran to the boys, and Jamie requested him to send for a priest. The nearest one was at Mahanoy City, and he was dispatched for. Jack was gently removed to a house nearby, and made comfortable until the priest arrived. Jamie's big brother Tom came, but though Jack's father was sent for, he could not be located. He had been drinking for weeks, and hardly noticed his boy's absence from home.

Poor, bold little Jack! Was ever a death more beautiful, more fervent than his! Was ever an act of contrition said with more ardor and love! Was ever the Blessed Sacrament, the strength of the dying, received more eagerly by a dying boy!

Oh, Jack, poor little Jack, your short life was sad, but your death was the death of the just. Hard knocks had ever been yours, but every tear you shed in secret, every long hour of sadness, was numbered by the Savior you knew so imperfectly. He took you where tears and sorrows are unknown.

Tom Gordon said not one word of reproach to his little brother, but looked kindly at the small white scared face, and spoke cheering words to him, and when Tom saw the big tears coursing piteously down the innocent cheeks, he would turn his own face to the train window and dry his own filled eyelids.

And in the car ahead Jack Miller's mutilated little frame, the saucy, dancing brown eyes closed forever more. Outside a storm had broken forth in all its fury. The rain and hail lashed the panes; the wind shrieked and moaned and sobbed about the train. The little slate-pickers had gone abroad merrily enough, but, oh, what a sorrowful home-coming! The day of departure had been bright and sunny, but sad and sombre was the night of return.

(To be Continued.)

Angry Father: "Great Scot! Whatever are you doing, Johnny? Why, confound it, you've got my new watch all to pieces."

Johnny: "Yes, dad; teacher told us today that a good watch ought to have at least one hundred and seventy parts, so I thought I'd see if yours was a good one."

Wandering over a field one day a man came across a large stone, inscribed: "Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the other side of the stone the words: "Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."

God employs no hired servants; His work is done by His sons.

Bureau of Information

Send all Questions for this Department to Box 387, Huntington, Indiana.

Would you answer any letters personally provided a stamped envelope is enclosed?

We are receiving a considerable number of such now. We believe that a priest in any town would give as good satisfaction. However, where great good or help will come therefrom, we shall be pleased to send such answers.

Is this the correct way to bless yourself: Put the hand to the forehead and say, in the Name of the Father, to the breast, and of the Son, to the left shoulder, and of the Holy, to the right, saying Ghost back to the breast, Amen? If this is improper, please state the correct way and oblige, a faithful reader.

There is authority for the way you make it, and also for the practice of saying "and of the Holy Ghost" when touching the left shoulder, and "Amen," when touching the right shoulder.

Will you please interpret the 7th, 8th and 9th verses of the 23rd chapter of St. Matthew, in your next issue? It will be very much appreciated.

Our Divine Savior was warning the people against following the example of the Scribes and Pharisees, who were so proud; they desired to be honored, especially by being called Rabbi, Master, etc. Christ told the people that they had only one Master and Father in the strict sense of the word; that He was that Master, Whose requirements all must obey, that only God is our Father in the sense of giving us being, providing for us, etc.

Sometimes our non-Catholic friends use verse 9 against Catholics who call their priest "father;" we might, with equal force, use it against them for calling their parent "father."

Is it wrong to keep company with a Catholic young man; simply to get out in company to meet others, not having intentions of marrying him?

Yes, it is dangerous, if it be regular.

Are the blessings of God not as great at a mixed marriage, for the Catholic party, as if both were Catholic?

By no means; in the latter case, the Sacrament alone received mutually is the source of many graces and blessings.

Can I, by good works, prayers, and offering of Masses, gain a lost soul back to the Catholic Church—one who has left the Church or grew indifferent about the duties pertaining to his Church?

Most likely; but this depends on the efficacious grace of Almighty God, with which your friend must co-operate.

If the graces and benefits obtained from one sacrifice of the Mass are unlimited in extent, would not one Mass, offered for a deceased person's soul, be sufficient to satisfy God's justice, and release that soul from Purgatory?

The Mass in itself would have such satisfactory power, since its value is infinite, but we are not sure that in each instance God makes full application of the same to the soul or souls for whom we have it offered. Were he always to do so, the worst sinner, who died after a good confession, would enter Heaven the next day, providing a Mass were said for him on the morning following his

demise. The Council of Trent assures us that the souls in Purgatory are helped most by the sacrifice of the mass, and this is of course plain from the very nature of the mass, and a sufficient reason why we should frequently have masses said, and attend mass for the benefit of the dead.

Am I doing wrong in making a weekly confession, when, owing to parental opposition and prejudice, I can receive Holy Communion but once a month?

No, you deserve great praise. We are sorry that your parents pretend to be wiser than the Church, which urges most frequent Communion to one, who, like yourself, is trying to be good and desires to receive.

Is it a sin to marry a man for money?

For money only, yes. Love should be the bond of the most sacred and enduring of all unions.

Does not St. Paul in writing to the Hebrews plainly tell us that the priesthood has been done away with?

No. Whilst he says that there would never be the need of another bloody offering, he argues that Christ would be a priest forever in an unbloody way, according to the order of Melchisedech. This manner of priest Christ was the first time at the Last Supper, but through the apostles and their successors He would be "forever" such a priest.

Is there a St. Philip of Benetius? I believe St. Philip of Benetius means St. Philip of Neri. Am I right?

Yes, there is a St. Philip Benetius, who is not the same St. Philip Neri; they lived 300 years apart, the former having died about the year 1280, and the latter in 1595.

What prayers are suitable to say at a meeting of the Aitor Society?

A short prayer to Jesus present on the altar, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and a prayer for the deceased members of the Society.

THIS MONEY-MAKING BOOK IS FREE

TELLS OF AN INVESTMENT SAFER AND MORE PROFITABLE THAN BANK OR RAILROAD STOCK.

Endorsed by Leading Bankers, Government Officials and the Catholic Hierarchy and Laity.

A valuable book of interest to and for circulation only among Catholics has just been issued, and will be sent free and postpaid to any reader of "Our Sunday Visitor" who has \$20 or more to invest.

The book tells of a line of business that has and is paying enormous dividends, and which is being supported by Catholics to the extent of \$75,000,000 a year. It contains most complete facts and figures relating to this particular business and the astonishing dividends paid stockholders. It shows how Catholics may, for the first time, now become stockholders and receive their share of the profits of this great business. The stock of old-established companies in this line is worth ten to twenty times par value and original investors are receiving 100 per cent dividends.

This is not a get-rich-quick scheme, but a high-class, legitimate business enterprise, endorsed by leading banks and the Catholic hierarchy and laity. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to make a safe and profitable investment, and worth the attention and investigation of every conservative investor.

If you would like to have a copy of this book, address Philip Harding, Dept. 953, Box 1291, Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Harding requests that you not write simply through idle curiosity, and unless you are a member of the Catholic Church the book will be of no interest to you, because only Catholics will be permitted to hold stock in this particular institution.

OUR BOOK LIST.

(Prices include Postage.)

- For Our Non-Catholic Friends, 496 pp., cloth. \$1.15
- For Our Non-Catholic Friends, 496 pp., paper. .35
- (The paper cover book is now undergoing a second edition.)
- When Informed Protestants Speak Their Con- .10
- victions, 80 pp.
- The Parochial School, 96 pp. .10
- Kind Words from Your Pastor, 86 pp. .10
- Socialism Unmasked (on the press), 32 pp. .05
- Jones Instructed on "Confession" (on the .10
- press), 64 pp.
- How to Get Married, 88 pp. .10

\$1.00 ONE DOLLAR \$1.00
(IN ADVANCE)

WILL PAY FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

"Our Sunday Visitor" AND "Extension Magazine"

—OR—

"Our Sunday Visitor" and "The Catholic Monthly"

SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE CATHOLIC PUBLISHING CO., Huntington, Ind.

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR

Issued Weekly by the
CATHOLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
Huntington, Indiana

REV. JOHN F. NOLL, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter May 3, 1912, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under Acts of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Price 50c the year
(In Advance)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1912.



Fort Wayne, Ind., March 29th, '12.

Dear Rev. Father:

Your work of bringing home to our people the better knowledge of the teachings of the Church, and of informing non-Catholics of the claims of Holy Mother Church, is a truly apostolic work, worthy of the highest commendation and encouragement.

To furnish a weekly paper, for an annual subscription of 50c, appears to me to be more than remarkable. Of course this could not be done unless the edition, each issue, would be at least 50,000. I hope you will be able to secure that number of subscriptions from the pastors of the parishes. It would be a pity if a proposition of this kind failed of accomplishment.

Wishing you God's abundant blessing on your work, I remain,

Devotedly yours in Christ,

H. J. ALERDING, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Ind.

CHRIST'S CHURCH AND HER ENEMIES.

Our temples have been destroyed, despoiled and sacrilegiously profaned. All our episcopal palaces and not a few of our presbyteries have been confiscated. A large number of parish priests have been expelled or exiled, and others have been imprisoned, to be in a short time subjected to trial by the military tribunals. All the clergy, especially in the larger cities, have been persecuted, harassed, exposed to the most humiliating and opprobrious jibes and to the most ferocious physical ill-treatment. The greater part of the seminaries have been closed and suppressed and those which still subsist have been reduced to the direst penury; and soon perhaps they will be deserted, either because of the sad prospect which the future presents to the ministers of the Catholic Church, or as a result of the law which makes military service compulsory for clerics. Religious worship has been fettered, obstructed and prohibited. Our parishes are without pastors and practically religious ministrations are no longer available for the faithful. The confraternities have to a considerable extent been deprived of their revenue, and it has been made impossible for them to fulfill their pious functions. The wearing of the ecclesiastical dress by the clergy has been forbidden and punished, as if it were a crime. The teaching of Christian doctrine is considered a provocation and a misdemeanor. The greater and better portion of our clergy have to contend with the direst difficulties in order to procure an honorable maintenance.—From a Letter of Portuguese Bishops to American Cardinals.

This account of the persecution of the Church in their country by the Portuguese bishops, sounds very much like the description Paul gives of the persecution waged against the infant Church by the authorities in pagan Rome. And in many respects it is similar. Not the Protestants in Portugal, of whom there are practically none, not indignant Catholics who would purge the Church of corruptions, —but real pagans, who hate the very name of God and Christ, are carrying on this non-Christian warfare. Yet, in their bigotry many Protestant religious journals are condoning it and even openly applauding it.

In our country we have 50,000,000 people who belong to no church, yet are not hostile to Christianity, but in many countries of Europe there are thousands of men who are not only non-Christian but anti-Christian, men organized to combat all religion; they want none of it, Protestant or Catholic; they want no divine laws to obey, no clergymen to rebuke them; they want the next generation reared in atheism. The "Ecrasez L'infame" of Voltaire is their motto. That such organizations predominate in Catholic countries is a sign of that Church's divinity, because Christ distinctly declared that such would be His Church's fate. We do not hear of the world or the devil persecuting another church and its disciples as the Master and His disciples were persecuted.

The Catholic Publishing Company exists for the good of the cause. It makes a specialty of book and pamphlet printing; offers several 100-page booklets for sale at 10c postpaid, also small brochures at 1 penny and 2 cents.

Jackson Says: "Even Baseball Needs an Umpire"

(Continued from Page One.)

It here, since the rest of Christ's utterance furnishes conclusive proof of the primacy of Peter in Christ's Church. The phrase "Kingdom of Heaven" used by St. Matthew invariably means the Church; he speaks of scandals existing in the Kingdom of Heaven; the Kingdom of Heaven is compared to a net containing good and bad fish; it comprises wise and foolish virgins, etc. Hence, St. Gregory says that the Kingdom of Heaven often refers to God's Kingdom on earth, the Church. To one alone Christ handed over the keys of this Kingdom, or in other words, committed full authority. "To thee I shall give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." "To thee" has converted many a non-Catholic.

MR. J. This is interesting, Father.

FATHER S. There are other scripture texts to prove the same. Christ frequently referred to His followers as sheep, and called Himself the Shepherd. Now, in John XXI, 15-17, Christ tells Peter to be the shepherd in His place: "Feed MY lambs, feed MY sheep," preside over MY whole sheepfold.

Satan would use all his power to defeat the Apostles, "but I have prayed for THEE, that THY faith fail not." confirm thy brethren" (Luke XXII, 32). Christ taught the people out of Peter's ship; He ordered the same tribute to be paid for Himself and Peter.

MR. J. Well, was Peter the acknowledged head of the infant Church?

FATHER S. The Protestant says: "No, Paul was a greater Apostle; Paul worked harder than Peter; Paul resisted him to his face; Peter denied Christ." But he is not talking to the point. Caiaphas, who assisted in bringing about the condemnation of Christ was the High-priest of the Jewish Church. The Scribes and Pharisees were condemned severely by Christ, yet He tells the people their authority must be respected, for "they sit on the chair of Moses." Peter and Paul were not disputing about a question of faith; nor was Peter speaking in his official capacity, when alone his verdict is regarded as infallible. Peter had repented of his denial before he was actually told to be the Shepherd. St. Paul might just as well be accused, for he was a persecutor of the Church only a few years previous.

MR. J. If I understand it right, the personal, private life of the Head of the Church is to be kept apart from his representative character?

FATHER S. Surely. The President's signature to a bill would be official even if he had "cussed" and "drank" the day before as Mr. Taft. In listing the Apostles the evangelists give the names of all others without order, but are careful to head the list with Peter. After the reception of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost, Peter is the first to address the people. Peter works the first miracle. In the first twelve chapters of the "Acts of the Apostles" Peter's name occurs fifty-three times, far oftener than all the other Apostles taken together. Peter presided at the Council of Jerusalem, a sure evidence of his acknowledged position. When Peter was imprisoned, all prayed for him. From the very first centuries the Primacy and Supremacy of the Bishop of Rome has been recognized, but whether Peter or his successors lived at Rome is a matter of no consequence. Of course, he did live there and died a martyr there. Deny a Supreme Ruler in the Church here below, and how are disputes to be settled?

MR. J. Yes, even a baseball game needs an umpire.

FATHER S. Deny infallibility to the head of the Church on earth, and there is no possibility of a man knowing whether he believes right or wrong.

MR. J. Even a dictionary is regarded as infallible.

FATHER S. Deny divine protection to the voice that speaks in God's name, and the Church has no right to command submission.

MR. J. Oh, it is so plain; if I were a member of no church, and wanted to know the truth, none but an infallible Church would have any attraction for me; not claiming infallibility would be equivalent to an admission that the Church might teach me wrong.

(To be continued.)

The Much-Maligned Jesuits Praised by Protestants Who Know Them

(Continued from Page One.)

perfect organization when the first dull edition of Calvin's Institutes saw the light. The vows of the Jesuits were poverty, chastity, obedience and constant readiness to go on missions against the heresy and heathenism. In addition to this their cloisters became the best schools in the world. Immediately on the institution of the order their missionaries, kindling with heroism that defied every danger and endured every toil, made their way to the ends of the earth. They set up the emblem of man's salvation on the Moluccas, in Japan, in India and Tibet. In Cochina China and China. They penetrated Ethiopia and reached the Abyssinians. They planted missions among the Kaffirs in California, on the banks of the Marañon, on the plains of Paraguay they invited the "wild barbarians to the civilization of Christianity."

REV. HENRY GILES.

(Unitarian.)

"Wonderful, indeed, was the order of the Jesuits. It stood by the thrones of kings; it entered into their secret councils; it lectured in colleges; it taught schools; it conversed with the American Indian in his wigwam. From Delhi to Peking, from Canada from Delhi to Peking, from Canada missionary had never left print before. Bribeless in skill it had hands for a hundred arts; to forge a cannon or make a pin; to raise a tent or to build a temple; to point the likeness of a Chinese monarch's stupid face, or take the measure of the universe. More than Protean in variety of adaptation, there was no nation, there was no race to whose manners it could not conform, and with whose language it was not familiar. It wore the vesture of Brahmin, Bonze or Mandarin with the grace of native bearing, and it spoke their formidable dialects with the ease of native instinct. Inviolable in spirit, as it was universal in genius, it had courage to dare and it had ability to direct. When it failed it had still strength in reserve to sustain it in endurance, and crown it with a martyr's death."

STARBUCK.

"If the world accepts the gentleman's assertion that learning and enlightenment are exclusively reserved for the Protestants, I wonder what can be said of the German priesthood and the Jesuits of Roman Catholicism, who are universally acknowledged by all faiths the most intellectual orders in the world. Who saved the Holy Bible from Pagan onslaughts?"

THE GATTLING SUN.

(Editorial.)

"I know the Jesuits fairly well, al-

though I've never attended their Sunday schools as a scholar, nor their seminaries as a matriculate, still I have ever found them loyal to their government. I know that in precept and practice they are as high above the average Holy Joe intolerant as is the oak above the 'Jimson' weed, for they are kindly, charitable and clean. And this also I know, I know them to have educated intellects."

MR. RICHARD BARRY.

(In Pearson's Magazine.)

"Although I am not a Catholic and was raised in a Protestant church, I must confess that when I traveled down the Yang Tze Kiang my allegiance went out instinctively to three Jesuits who were traveling in the steerage, wearing the Oriental garb, making themselves as inconspicuous as possible and acting, to all outward semblance, like Chinamen, holding faith with their triple vow of Silence, Poverty and Obedience."

"Poverty, Chastity and Obedience." (Evidently the author intended But he goes on): "At the same time there was a table with me, in the first salon, three Protestant missionaries of different denominations, each with his own Chinese servant, and each explaining to me at different times, how he really ought to have more money to get along properly in that heathen country. Had it come to a spiritual show-down, I fear I should have cast my lot with the Jesuits. Their conduct accorded more closely with my interpretation of the New Testament."

THE MONITA SECRETA.

The "Monita Secreta" of the Jesuits are the enemy's fabrication (vid. The "Month," August, 1901.) Also Barber, Dictionnaire des Anonymes; Dr. Little, "Jesuits," p. 566. Anent these the "Columbian Encyclopedia" says: "The account of the time and circumstances of its discovery are suspicious and contradictory; the book has been repeatedly condemned, and its apocryphal character is now commonly admitted." Equally false is the charge that the Jesuits as a society or any of its members in their writings ever taught that "The End Justifies the Means." A few years ago a professor at the Syracuse (N. Y.) Methodist University accused the Jesuits of maintaining this wicked doctrine, whereupon Bishop Liddon of that city issued the following challenge, which still stands:

"Now, I know that the learned and esteemed faculty of Syracuse University will feel grateful to me for calling attention to what they call

the Jesuit principle, and I hereby solemnly assert that no Jesuit ever held such a principle and would not be tolerated to hold, much less to teach, such a principle. And to emphasize my assertion I hereby state that I shall pay to any student of the university the expenses of his board and tuition during the remaining years of his studies there, if he can find in any of the writings or teachings of the Jesuits, or from any authentic source whatever, that they ever taught the doctrine 'that the end justifies the means.'"

St. Edward Fry, a Dublin judge recently (1911) resurrected the old charge, and was given a chance to prove the same and incidentally to earn some coin for charity. Rev. W. Delaney, S. J., of Dublin, made him the following offer:

"I am prepared to hand over a sum of 50 pounds to any public charity in Dublin, if it be established to the satisfaction of a Board of Arbitration in Dublin that the Jesuits teach the doctrine 'that the end justifies the means.' But, if the Board of Arbitration decide, on the contrary, that the charge is not proved, a sum of 10 pounds shall be paid by the other side for the printing and publication of a pamphlet containing a narrative of the proceedings. I make no claim to have Catholics on the Board. If the following members of the Society of Friends, (St. Edward Fry being a Quaker), the Right Hon. Jonathan Hoag, Abraham Shackleton, and Robert Goodbody, along with Mr. Herbert Wilson, K. C., as lawyer, would consent to act, I should cordially accept their decision."

The challenge of Father Delaney remains unaccepted.

Whilst Dr. Little, in the Encyclopedia Britannica, accuses Jesuits of upholding this principle, this gentleman is avowedly anti-Catholic. Moreover, the Encyclopedia Brit. is wrong on almost everything Catholic.

But even this Dr. Little, on page 566 (Ant. Jesuits) admits that the "Monita Secreta" are a forgery, and on page 558 has this to say about the Jesuits:

"The Jesuits won back respect for the clerical calling by their personal culture and the unimpeachable purity of their lives. These are qualities which they have all along carefully maintained, and probably no body of men in the world has been so free from the reproach of discreditable members, or has kept up an equally high average level of intelligence and conduct."

THE AMERICAN (ENCYCLOP.) VOL. VIII.

"There are no crypts or secret Jesuits. Romances are mostly responsible for such myths. . . . The descriptions of Jesuits as crafty, unscrupulous men, constantly engaged in dark plots against all who stand in their way, are inventions of their enemies and have no foundation in fact."

The persecution directed against the Jesuits is explainable in different ways, two of which might be emphasized: 1. St. Ignatius, their founder, prayed that, like the Master, his order might be persecuted; 2. Owing to their intellectual attainments they were the superiors of all their enemies. Says the

THE BOSTON CITIZEN.

(February 12, 1912.)

WHY WE DO NOT PRINT IT. "Occasionally a correspondent asks us to print what is called 'The Jesuits' Oath.' We do not print it for this reason: We have not been able to trace it to any Jesuit or other Papal book. When we find it in a book endorsed by the Church of Rome, we will print it."

"The oldest printing of 'The Jesuits' Oath' of which we have any knowledge was in a book by Usher, Archbishop (Protestant) of Ireland, more than three hundred years ago. But we have never found it in a Romanist book, nor have we ever heard of an ex-Jesuit who took this oath."

"The Jesuits are an incorporated body in Canada, but they are not incorporated in the United States. So in Canada, they can sue and be sued as a society."

"Nearly twenty years ago the Toronto Mail printed the 'Jesuit Oath.' The paper was used for slander. Court after court, as it was appealed, decided against the Mail, until the

Some After Election Reflections

(Continued from Page One.)

enemies. Its columns reek with slander. Every page is a seething cesspool in which writhes and wriggles hell-born lies. Some of these hissing serpents of hate are hoary with age, while a few appear to have just crawled out of the slimy brain of Rev. Teddy Walker. Some men are born ahead of their time, but Walker is about 400 years behind his proper schedule. He is as much out of place in this electric age of universal tolerance, fraternity, equality and liberty, as a reep hook would be in a South Dakota wheat field, or a flintlock on a modern battleship.

"He insists that Catholics of 1912 shall be held responsible for the acts of their ancestors in the 'Dark Ages.' It is fair to hold Twentieth Century Catholics responsible for the reign of Queen Mary, it would be equally just to hold modern Protestants responsible for the crimes of Henry VIII, and condemn all Presbyterians as inhuman monsters because Calvin burned Servetus at the stake."

"Tom Watson and Rev. Walker are trying to form what they call the 'Protestant League.' They are going into politics for the purpose of 'saving the republic.' They fear a massacre of Protestants by Catholics. If they ever get a square look at themselves in the mirror they will see the joke which makes me laugh."

Mr. Clark, editor of Jim Jam Jems, published at Bismarck, N. Dak., disseminates a charge made by The Menace in this fashion:

"Any man with the instinct of an oyster knows that there can be no

highest court of all in England was reached, and this, too, decided in the same way. It cost the Mail an immense amount of money to fight the case, and they could not prove that it was a genuine 'Jesuits' Oath.'"

The following from America, under date of July 15, 1911, serves to show how little trust must be placed in anti-Catholic charges even when they have been believed by Protestants for years:

"Having served its purpose in England, appearing at regular intervals with more or less embellishment from the days of Titus Oates, it (The Jesuit Oath) took a flying trip not long ago to Germany, where disaster befell it as soon as it was sighted. The Evangelische Bund, a German equivalent of the Protestant Alliance, styled it eine plumpe Falschung, a clumsy fabrication, while the official organ of that body, the Taegliche Rundschau, implored Protestants not to give themselves away by accepting such rubbish, thus playing into their enemies' hands, and 'drawing water to the Ultramontane mill.'"

When we heard that the silly calumny had appeared only a year ago in the

"Catholic conspiracy" to get control of the government or the public institutions or schools of the country from the simple fact that Catholics are to be found in every political party and are continually voting against each other on all matters of public movement. Any rumormongering (except perhaps the editor of The Menace) if he will lay aside his sectarianism and his prejudice for a moment, must realize that if the Catholics are working politically under the direction of the Pope—as The Menace would have us believe—and if the Catholic Church desires to make itself temporal ruler of the United States or in any manner direct its affairs, the Catholics would be voting as a unit would they not—a mighty political machine—instead of being divided against themselves?"

"And how amusing it is to read the admonitions of The Menace to its Protestant followers and supporters to 'stick on the firing line; don't let any Catholic get on your school boards; keep control of your public institutions and schools.' Doesn't the clump who writes that dope see how ludicrous it is to presume that the Protestants have any more right as citizens to get control—which they have and to which the Catholics don't seem to be making any holier—of the school boards and institutions than the Catholics have? It would look to a man up a tree as though the Protestants, and not the Catholics are attempting to dictate, to wipe out liberty and to prevent those citizens of the United States who are of the Catholic faith from adhering to that faith without being maligned, abused, damned and persecuted."

Wanganui Chronicle of New Zealand, we thought that the myth, having run its crooked course over the earth, had at last reached the world's limit, and was preparing for its disappearance into the nothingness out of which it had evolved. This final plunge it seemed to take when the Protestant Treasury, the English Protestant Press Bureau, which supplies material for unsavory warfare against Rome, at last, under pressure of nearly three centuries of refutation, expressly disowned this document as a forgery, as the New Zealand Tablet informs us, and so formally withdrew it from the Protestant armory. Lo and behold! it has dared to raise its head again, a month ago in New Orleans; more recently in New York. We are convinced now that some errors seem to share in the immortality of truth."

Nothing demonstrates the emptiness of life better than the death of great men and the facility with which the foolish world gets along without them. Be what thou thinkest true, and as thou thinkest, so speak."

WANTED :: NURSES

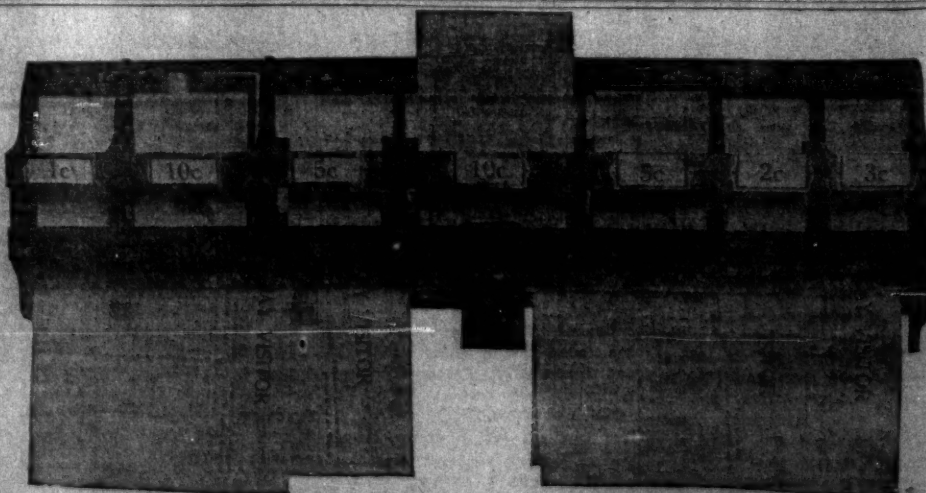
YOUNG LADIES TO TRAIN FOR NURSES

Special attention paid to those who have had some experience and would like to complete their training. Address, SUPT. MERCY HOSPITAL, Gary, Indiana.

Good Farms for Catholics

THE LAND FOR CATHOLICS Church, School and Resident Priest.	WILHELMINA A New Catholic Colony under the patronage of MOST REV. JOHN J. GLENNON, Archbishop of Saint Louis.	THE LAND that Produces and Never Fails. A Pleasant and Healthy Climate.
---	--	--

Sells at a very moderate price and on easy terms. No Agents. For all particulars address the Pastor and Local Manager, Rev. V. TESSELAAR, O. S. M., Wilhelmina, Missouri.



The Book-Rack we are supplying to Churches, Chapels and Catholic Societies. It is a neat piece of furniture, mission finish, fitted with a nice money bank, price-cards, etc., and sells at \$3.00.

Address All Orders to THE CATHOLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Huntington, Ind.